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EDWARD DE COURCY,

AN

ANCIENT FRAGMENT.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT

WATER RESOURCES DIVISION

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,
AT THE
Minerva Press,
LEADENHALL-STREET.

M. DCC. XCIV.

THIS TALE INCLUDES A BRIEF SKETCH
OF THE CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBER-
TIES OF ENGLAND IN FORMER TIMES;
AND INTENDED AS A CONTRAST TO
THEIR FLOURISHING CONDITION AT
THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CEN-
TURY.

T H E
EDITOR'S PREFACE.

COURTEOUS READER,

TWO summers ago, happening to be on a visit to a friend in North Wales, my curiosity prompted me to make an excursion to the Isle of Anglesey, (anciently called Mona) where it is well known, the antiquary finds ample scope for his favourite researches, in the many
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remains of druidical institutions, which are still discernible in that island. Destitute of a passion for that species of inquiry, I confess I passed those famous vestiges of paganism with some admiration of the stupendous labour which must have been exerted in their erection, but with very little inclination to enter on a deep investigation of their origin.

That which particularly engaged my attention, was a remarkable cavern in the side of a rock, towards the south west shore, which the hand of nature has formed in a style of magnificence, exceeding

exceeding the most elaborate description. The entrance to this beautiful retreat, faces the sea, and exhibits almost a regular arch, lofty enough to admit me, without the necessity of stooping. The space within, I found to be about eight feet by ten—on either side a collonade of basaltic pillars, about twelve feet in height, supported the roof, which was elegantly adorned with incrustations of crystal. The floor was composed of fossils, richly veined, and a kind of stalagmitic substance so nicely described each angle, as to give the whole an appearance of mosaic pavement. The apart-

ment was perfectly lighted from without, and the air, being constantly purified by the flux and reflux of the tides, extremely dry and wholesome.

Charmed with the scene I had explored, I went on the same day to dine with a gentleman of very considerable property, at whose table I could not refrain from descanting on the wonders of the grotto: on which, one of the company observed, that he had, when a boy, been often amused with a legendary tale, of a certain hermit, who had formerly dwelt in that grotto: to which remark,

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our entertainer replied in the following manner.

“ I assure you, sir, the story you allude to, has its foundation in fact. About an hundred years ago, some lands in that part of the island were purchased by an ancestor of mine, who being a person of an inquisitive turn, and having heard the tradition, that a hermit had once dwelt some where thereabout, he examined the spot minutely, and at length discovered the cavern we are speaking of. It then contained at one corner of it, a large stone, which probably had served the purpose of a table.”

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This stone my relation caused to be removed, and found himself amply rewarded for his trouble. He discovered, fir, a roll of manuscripts, containing minutes of the hermits adventures, and without doubt, were written by himself. These are, at this time, in my possession, and have afforded me many hours of amusement, though I confess myself incapable of construing some parts of the obsolete language in which they are composed."

Such a declaration was abundantly sufficient to excite my curiosity, which the gentleman readily

dily gratified, by indulging me with a sight of the manuscripts. I found the hand writing perfectly legible, though the sense was in many places absolutely unintelligible, without the help of a glossary. That circumstance serving but as a whet to my inquisitive humour, I went so far as to request permission to examine them more leisurely.

“ They are at your service, sir, (answered he, politely) to make what use of them you think proper, and provided you engage to return me the originals, I should be extremely pleased to see the
substance

substance of them appear in modern language."

Thus authorized, gentle reader, I went diligently to work, and if, from a number of detached minutes, couched in the style and orthography of the fourteenth century, I have succeeded in cul-ling a story, worthy of half an hour's attention, the end is answered to

Thy most obsequious labourer,

THE EDITOR.

EDWARD DE COURCY.

CHAP. I.

TOWARDS the close of the
fourteenth century, when the ty-
ranny of the race of Plantagenet
had worn out the patience of a
brave people, who long had seen

VOL. I.

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their

their dearest rights sacrificed to the pleasure of an arbitrary and licentious court, broke out the unhappy contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, which for thirty years deluged the kingdom with blood—destroyed the bands of social amity, and literally set father against son, and son against father.

A philosopher of the present day stands amazed at the stupidity of mankind, which so long have been ready, at the nod of ambition, to imbrue their hands in each other's blood, merely to gratify the lust of power in a few individuals

duals of their species—that members of the same community should consent to slaughter each other in order to decide—not whether slavery should exist at all—but—by whom they should be enslaved, is such a phenomenon in the moral economy, as reason could scarcely credit, did not the annals of almost every country too clearly authenticate the fact. That a body of men should nobly withstand the encroachments of arbitrary power, and boldly devote both property and life to the preservation of freedom, is an expectation warranted by the original constitution of man. Yet how small a portion of human

4 EDWARD DE COURCY.

blood has flowed in that sacred cause, compared to the deluges which have been shed in the support of tyranny, or the convulsions of civil war, when the point to be determined has been, which of two worthless individuals should grasp the sceptre of ambition, and the privilege of oppressing mankind.

Such thoughts naturally occur in reflecting on the wretched condition of our country at that remote period; yet although the principles of civil liberty were neither established or understood till long after, it must be confessed, that at this time something might be

be discerned of the native spirit of Britons, and perhaps as much as could be expected, considering the thick cloud of ignorance which long had settled over all Europe—'tis true, the nature of political justice was very far from being understood; still, however, the principle of opposition to an overstrained prerogative, was latently working in the political mass, and rapidly maturing those sentiments which shortly after enabled Henry of Lancaster to drive a weak and arbitrary Monarch from the throne.

In contemplating the civil condition of our country during a suc-

cession of ages, we perceive little of that independent spirit which characterized our Saxon ancestors—but we are to look for its apparent extinction in the gradual rise of the papal power—to that monstrous and singular species of tyranny is justly ascribed the basis of civil, as well as religious oppression. The native energy of the human mind was subdued by the policy of an ambitious and cruel priesthood, which held the intellectual powers of man in chains more permanent than iron—in superstition and prejudice. Reason thus enervated—the moral faculties debased—in fine, the whole human character so thoroughly

thoroughly defaced, that we are no longer surpris'd to find both princes and subjects forgetting they were men—the one grasping at prerogatives which are incompatible with the nature of a social compact—the other abjectly submitting to so ignoble a slavery, as is an affront to the dignity of human nature.

The sixteenth century is indeed that grand epoch in the history of mankind, when the empire of reason began to renew the face of the moral world; yet long before this—even at the period we are now discussing, some indications of that

illustrious dawn were discoverable in our island. Heretofore the state had been agitated by contests between the monarchy and aristocracy. Kings and Barons had grown jealous of each other's advance in power; but in these struggles the rights of the people were not considered, neither indeed was it supposed they had any rights at all. At length we find the people discovering a consciousness of their own importance, and the civil wars denominated those of the *red and white roses*, were no less a presage of that happy equilibrium of political justice, which has since become characteristic of the

the civil constitution of Britain; than the spread of Wickliffism denoted a reformation in the religious system.

On the eve of those civil commotions, while Richard the Second swayed the British sceptre, flourished two aimable young persons, whom nature seemed to have designed for less ferocious times. Edward De Courcy was the last of a noble family of that name, and admirably formed to be the pride and glory of his house. His person was tall and graceful—his features regular, and stamp'd with an inimitable expression of sweetness and

and urbanity—luxuriant tresses of chesnut coloured hair shaded his face, in which a clear brown was seen animated by the roses of health, and the vivacity of youth and innocence. But those external graces, however admirable, were the least of De Courcy's perfections, his mind was noble, and eminently adorned with every generous and social sentiment—he had been bred to arms, and had early distinguished himself by his valour in the field of battle, where he appeared dauntless as the untamed lion—his firm soul was impenetrable to fear, yet while his arm scattered death on the enemies
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of his country—to a vanquished foe he was lenient as the messenger of mercy. His prisoners shared his peculiar attention, and while he administered to their corporeal relief, his compassionate accents kindly soothed their sorrow, and allayed the surges of the mind; in the career of martial glory, he never forgot that a conquered enemy is intitled to those offices of humanity, which man by nature is bound to bestow on man; but when retired from the hostile field, to the endearing haunts of domestic sweets, all the tender charities of life were found trembling alive in his breast, and every social duty received

received new lustre by the manner in which De Courcy discharged it: He was sympathetic, candid, upright, kind—no servile flatterer of the great, but a sincere friend of merit, in whatever sphere he found it.

His father had fallen gloriously in a war with France. Edward, with a sister named Philippa, were left orphans at an early age, and with scarcely any other portion than the honourable renown of their father's name; but the severe loss they sustained by his death, was amply compensated by the kindness of the Duke of Norfolk, their
uncle,

uncle, in whose family they were brought up, and experienced every mark of an affection truly paternal.

In a rude uncivilized age, the Duke of Norfolk was a singular example of liberal sentiment and polished manners—his private character was most amiable, wherein he appeared conscious of superior rank, only as the means of disseminating happiness around him. In those times, when polite learning was unknown, the minds of the nobility seem to have been as far from refinement as those of the common mass, and only distinguishable from the vulgar by immoderate

14 EDWARD DE COURCY.

moderate pride and barbarous ostentation, which led them to suppose that the lustre of rank consisted principally in the number of their vassals, over whom they exercised despotic sway; and though themselves were below rationality, they esteemed the inferior orders of the community as scarcely deserving the notice bestowed on their beasts.

The Duke approached much nearer the standard of civilization, he considered all men equal by nature, and the wealth or power vested in a few individuals, as sacred deposits, to be employed in promoting

promoting the welfare of the whole social body. With such sentiments animating his breast, the privileges which as a Baron he possessed, could retain nothing of their pernicious influence, inasmuch as they were never exerted, but to establish the felicity of those over whom they extended; he was in reality the father of his vassals, whose wants he supplied, whose comfort he promoted by all possible methods, and if he did not entirely emancipate them, it was because he conceived their capacities precluded their being advantaged by such a measure—just as a tender father dreads to entrust a beloved child with

with the liberty which he knows would prove pernicious. Had such ideas been general, the feudal system would not have appeared so horrid a deformity in the moral constitution—perhaps might have been esteemed a salutary arrangement—a benign shelter of the lower orders, and rather a beautiful, than disgusting trait in the social portraiture.

That the Duke of Norfolk reasoned so differently from the main of that illustrious body to which he belonged, was owing to a happy circumstance which attended his younger years.

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A considerable time after the Roman hierarchy had assumed its most offensive characteristics, there existed a race of men who rejected the heavy yoke which it imposed, and maintained the liberal principles of genuine Christianity—they were known by the appellation of Culdees ; but as it was invariably the policy of that tyrannical church to endeavour the extirpation of whatever stood in the way of its grandeur and dominion, the Culdees were persecuted with unrelenting severity, and at length were supposed to have been utterly extinct. A descendant of that respectable class had, however,

found protection in the Norfolk family; from him the Duke received his earliest impressions, and imbibed such principles of integrity and true piety, as the corruptions of the age could never obliterate. But though a character thus formed, was calculated to inspire veneration in private life, the times were unfavourable for its shining with due lustre on the public stage of action.

King Richard the Second, who then sat on the throne, was a weak profligate prince, who, in common with all other potentates of that dark period, possessed the opinion that

that he was created merely to exercise despotic dominion over the rest of his countrymen—that he was one of the select few, for whose pastime and convenience the foundations of empire were laid, and considered the bulk of the human species as mere non-entities in the scale of existence, except as they successively marched to swell their triumphs, and bow the knee to their haughty tyrants.

With such sentiments, imbibed from the cradle, Richard, a prince of weak intellects, disdained all considerations but such as tended to secure his own pleasures or ag-

grandizement. His court was the resort of profligacy and licentiousness, while the administration was weak and contemptible.

The Duke of Norfolk was too zealous for the honour of Monarchy, to witness its degradation with complacency—he loved the person of the King—he commiserated his follies, the excess of which he justly ascribed to the servility of the sycophants who surrounded him. He did not refrain from appearing at court, but his deportment there, which was serious and reserved, was little relished by the courtiers, who considered the severity

verity of his morals a tacit censure on their own; neither were these the only persons to whom he was displeasing—the clergy failed of extorting from him that exorbitant submission which they received indiscriminately from all ranks; he respected in them the sacerdotal character, and was never deficient in reasonable respect; but he abhorred their bigotry, and still more their spiritual ambition, and disdained unmanly subjection to what he deemed unscriptural authority.

By such principles and conduct he became obnoxious to the ruling powers,

powers, both in church and state, and there were many who secretly panted for his ruin—but hitherto he had escaped the force of enmity, and happy in innate rectitude enjoyed the purest delights of domestic life at his castle, which he very rarely quitted, and where the education of his two adopted children, constituted a very delicate source of pleasure.

C H A P. II.

I N a family in which every noble and virtuous affection of the soul was esteemed and cultivated, the young Edward and Philippa could scarcely fail of becoming all which their generous patron could desire. Philippa displayed a disposition inexpressibly sweet; every virtue of the mind, every charm of person, very early distinguished her character. The Duke uniformly bestowed on both those amiable or-

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phans,

phans, an affection fully paternal, and they in return regarded him with the liveliest sensations of reverence and grateful love; which, on the part of Philippa, was expressed daily in nameless little offices of dutiful attention, more grateful to his heart than the balmy dews to the withering flower; but De Courcy had soon an opportunity of giving an illustrious proof of his filial attachment to his noble benefactor, by exposing even life in his defence.

The Scotch, encouraged by the supineness of the British court, had committed frequent depredations
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on the frontiers. Richard, at length, resolves to chastise their insolence, and the means of preparing for such an expedition, were cheerfully supplied by the people. An army of sixty thousand men was ready for the occasion, and the eyes of an insulted nation fixed on the event.

The Duke of Norfolk, eager to recover the honour of his country, put himself at the head of his vassals, and joined the troops which were under the command of the King. The Scotch were unable to oppose an army greatly superior to their own, both as to numbers
and

and discipline, they not only saw their territories invaded, but even their capital threatened by the march of a victorious enemy:

It was at this day that the Duke, attended by a few followers, privately left the camp, in order to reconnoitre the country, when passing a defile, he immediately found himself in the midst of an ambuscade, consisting of about fifty men. Destruction now seemed inevitable, yet he resolved to fall gloriously, and with his own hand dealt slaughter and death around, while he had the misfortune

tune to see most of his followers slain.

He was now attacked on all sides, and in a few minutes must have been mingled with the dead, had not De Courcy, who missing his uncle, had diligently followed his steps, come up that instant to his relief. He beheld him dismounted, yet encountering certain death with undaunted valour. De Courcy, disdainful of the destruction which now he made his own, placed the Duke on his own charger, and fighting by his side, had the good fortune to kill the chief, upon

upon which the rest fled with precipitation.

The Duke, not more astonished at the bravery of the gallant youth, than tenderly affected at this illustrious instance of his filial attachment, pressed him in his arms, and exclaimed, "O thou fair branch of a noble root, what glory hast thou this day spread over thy father's urn—to have given being to such a son, is sufficient to immortalize his name. But oh, my Edward, words indeed are too poor to express the sense I feel of thy worth—thy attachment to myself—not all the glories of a
crown

crown could procure me half the delight which thy conduct of this day pours on my soul."

The report of the action was soon carried to the Sovereign, and soon after, the Duke, attended by the young warrior, entered the presence.

"I present you my liege (said the former) with a subject more valuable than the richest jewel in your royal crown—a youth whose bravery will prove a support to the glory of the British throne, and in whose breast flourish those virtues from which must proceed the true
welfare

welfare and happiness of your loyal people."

This suggestion was neither understood or attended to, by a prince whose reflections seldom adverted to any other subject, but the means of improving his revenue and pleasures. He particularly scrutinized the person of De Courcy, but could not recollect ever to have seen him among the gay numbers who thronged his court; neither were the commendations bestowed on him by the Duke, calculated greatly to interest the Royal favour; he therefore received some cold acknowledgments from

from his Sovereign, who, it was easy to discern, set but little value on talents which were adapted more to the advantage of the state, than the gratification of his arbitrary and capricious humour.

The Scotch offered so little opposition to the progress of the English troops, that in a short time they advanced as far as Edinburgh, which they took, and destroyed by fire.

Here was then the fortunate moment for the Monarch of England to complete his conquest of a troublesome and rival nation—
had

had he followed, as victory led the way, the Scotch had been effectually subdued; but to the astonishment of his whole army, the troops were ordered back to England at the very instant when the most permanent advantages to the kingdom were within reach of attainment.

Richard's impatience to waste in the indolence and pleasure of a luxurious court, those subsidies he had obtained for the purposes of war, was doubtless the reason of so unaccountable a conduct, which tended to aggravate the discontent that

that secretly rankled in the public mind.

Sometime after this disgraceful event, the Duke fell into conversation with the Duke of Hereford, to whom he expressed his opinion of public measures, with more honesty than discretion, for the person he was speaking to was one of those cool, cautious characters, which diligently treasure up the sentiments of others, without making a discovery of their own.

“ I, for my part, my Lord of Norfolk, (said he) do not condemn

a prince for shewing an aversion to the waste of human blood—of what service to the kingdom have been our continental wars, in which the blood and treasure of the nation have been unprofitably wasted in the acquisition of dominions, which could not be retained, but at the expence of a perpetual drain on the very vitals of our country. Our Sovereign Liege seems not to be animated by the restless ambition of his ancestors—he discovers not their insatiable thirst of empty fame, and expensive conquest; yet trust me, my Lord, a pacific King is to be desired rather than one who wrests
the

the last mite from the hand of penury, and breaks upon the peace of domestic life, in order to supply his vain-glorious armaments. Ask the widows and orphans of our land, whose husbands, fathers, brothers, now lie mouldering in gallic sod, of what advantage our foreign conquests have been to them—survey our untilled fields—look into the public treasury, and say if ought appears to justify those martial expeditions.”

“ It delights me (answered the Duke of Norfolk) to hear your Grace speak thus. Offensive wars had ever my abhorrence, on which

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principle

principle I disapproved of those with France, wherein vain glory, rather than equity, was the motive; nevertheless, my Lord, there are occasions when war becomes the duty of a pacific king, who is bound by all means, jealously to protect the honour and happiness of his people: such a war, depending on the grand principle of self-defence, must be prosecuted with vigour; every sinew of the state should be exerted, not to obtain an empty name, or filch the territories of others, but to curb the restless spirit of ambition, and establish the earth in peace—a war which has peace ultimately for its end—

end—such, and no other, will have the willing support of the true patriot, and honest man. Hence it is, that I condemn our late pusillanimous conduct, with respect to Scotland, as a measure tending rather to excite, than quell disturbances—the sword should not have been returned to its scabbard, 'till that people had been taught to regard, as sacred, the tranquillity and rights of a neighbouring state.”

You are no courtier, my Lord Duke,” cried Hereford, with a sarcastic smile.

“ Thank heaven I am not, (he returned with warmth) though if I were, the amiable disposition of our prince should not be warp'd to serve the purposes of avarice and ambition. Truth, my Lord of Hereford, should be no longer a stranger to the royal ear—the cries of a people groaning beneath the rapacity of ministers and favourites, should have access—trust me, your Grace, those are not the true lovers of their king, who endeavour to keep him ignorant of the sentiments of his people—they are men of a base and worthless nature, who, intent only on gratifying their own vile passions, regard
not

not the odium which their mal-administration draws on their sovereign, and laugh at those murmurs which secretly, though surely loosen the foundations of his throne."

To these observations, uttered in the fervency of an honest mind, Hereford answered only by a smile; he was of a disposition perfectly the reverse of the Duke of Norfolk, who was as ardent, sincere, communicative, as the other was cautious and reserved. Descended of the blood royal in the line of John of Gaunt, and allied, either by blood or interest, to most of the

nobility in the kingdom, the Duke of Hereford bore no very cordial affection to the reigning Monarch. He was not displeased at seeing the giddy, indiscreet Richard, making such advances towards despotism, as were extremely ill suited to the spirit of the times, when the commons became every day more sensible of their importance ; but governed by the cool sagacity which eminently marked his character, he concealed his real sentiments beneath an appearance of the greatest loyalty, conceiving it as yet too soon for the thoughtless infatuated Richard to be awakened from the delirium of pleasure, and those

those airy visions of arbitrary power,
in which all his faculties seemed
unhappily to be absorbed.

C H A P. III.

I N their return from Scotland, De Courcy, by some means, had separated from the Duke, and it was towards evening, when he found himself on the edge of a thick wood. Leaving his horse in the care of his attendants, he penetrated into the shady recess, to enjoy the benefit of the cool breeze, after a hot and sultry day, he had not proceeded far, when he beheld two females, sitting on the trunk

of a decayed oak. One of them was extremely beautiful, and by the richness of her attire, seemed of a condition far superior to her companion. The unexpected appearance of a warlike figure, struck them with terror, for he was then in complete armour. The setting sun glistening through the interstices of the trees, was reflected by the polished shield which he bore on his arm, while nodding plumes of sable waved over his helmet, and the trophies which he had taken from the Scottish chief, gracefully reclined over his shoulder. The terrified fair ones uttered an involuntary shriek, and were retreating

tiring with the precipitation of fear and amaze ; when the young warrior approaching the superior lady, he exclaimed,

“ Fly me not, I conjure you, gentle fair—those apprehensions wrong the power of your own beauty, and the feelings of a knight, whom your charms have subdued. The reward of his martial toils he seeks in your smiles—deign then to regard him with complacency, and permit him to lay the trophies of victory at your feet.”

This address, delivered in a voice inexpressibly sweet, in which
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the softness of a lover was blended with the dignity of a hero, engaged the attention of the lovely Ethelinde. She stop'd to gaze a moment on the courteous stranger, and as she did so, a thousand nameless graces vivetted the tender passion, which already had taken possession of his soul. 'Till that hour, he had not supposed that an object so enchantingly fair existed in the wide creation—he approached, and bent one knee to the ground. A deep blush instantly overspread her face.

“Retire, sir, (said she, with a commanding aspect) it would ill become

become the daughter of Earl Belmont, to accept the homage of a stranger—she must be more tenacious of the respect she owes herself.”

“ Fear not from me, illustrious lady, (he replied) any thing derogatory to the dignity of female delicacy and honour—it is the soldier’s province to protect, rather than intimidate beauty and innocence—I will instantly retire, obedient to your command—yet might I presume to hope this first sweet interview is not decreed to be the last.”

Ethelinde

Ethelinde replied, only by darting on him a glance of displeasure, and immediately quitted the wood with her attendant.

He did not endeavour to oppose their retreat, but his eyes followed them 'till they were out of sight; he then stood some time in profound meditation. Ethelinde appeared to his enamour'd thoughts all which the most lively imagination could form of feminine perfection. Her stature was tall and graceful—her complexion fair as the lily, shaded by ringlets of golden hair, which wonton'd to her waist with becoming negligence—

gence—in her fine blue eyes sat intelligence, virtue and truth, while her air was that of dignity, tempered with sweetness.

Full of her enchanting idea, he arrived at his uncle's castle, but with a demeanour very different from that which had been usual to him. The vivacity of youth was changed for pensiveness—he was often absent, and frequently betrayed the abstraction of his mind, by the incoherency of his answers.

The Duke, who was himself out of humour with public measures,

tures, readily ascribed the uncommon seriousness of his nephew, to the same cause; but Philippa, who had always shared the confidence of Edward, was not long a stranger to the real occasion. She heard him describe the charms of his mistress, in all the glowing tints of fond enthusiasm; neither was she altogether a stranger to her person, which she readily allowed to be beautiful, but at the same time she reflected on her brother's attachment with concern.

The family of Belmont lived not far from the castle; but as the character of the Earl was very

displeasing to the Duke, no degree of intimacy had subsisted between them. He was one of those who shared the particular favour of the King, and though born of ignoble parentage, had not only amassed great riches, but had successively filled most of the great offices of the state, and at length was honoured with a patent of nobility.

Such a circumstance was sufficient to give umbrage to a man, who from time immemorial, could trace a pedigree of noble ancestors. But such a consideration weighed but little with the Duke.

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The Earl of Belmont was a person of sordid principles, ever ready to sacrifice the dearest obligations of truth and honour to the views of self-interest. At court he was one of those sycophants, who subserve their selfish purposes, by flattering the errors and vices of the great; yet though in that sphere he was the most servilely cringing of mankind; in the domestic department he appeared the cruel tyrant of his dependants, and the oppressor of all around him: while neither the rank to which he was advanced, nor the wealth he had acquired, could procure him the respect of any, farther
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than the sordid motive of fear impelled.

Ethelinde was his only child, but of a temper very different from that of himself. She was by nature mild, generous, sincere—in her education he had taken care to provide her with the means of attaining all the accomplishments which her sex enjoyed—but ever suspicious, and a stranger to the noble confidence of generous minds, he had obliged her to reside in a neighbouring convent, from which she was but recently returned, when her interview with Edward took place—her character
however

however was in general as much esteemed, as that of her father was detested.

When Philippa had heard her brother's soft confession, she burst into tears.—“Do you not perceive, my dearest Edward, (said she) that this fatal meeting with the lovely Ethelinde, will prove the era of misfortune.”

“What means my sister?” starting at the unpropitious prediction.

“Need I repeat (resumed she mildly) the debt of gratitude which

our noble uncle's more than paternal gratitude imposes on us both—or how much his happiness depends on our filial love and duty. Oh, my brother, dare then either of us to indulge a connexion which would stab the peace of so good, so precious a benefactor—he who took us when orphans, to his bosom—nourished us with parental tenderness—loves us as though he were indeed our father, and who, in the close of life, silently looks to us to smooth the pillow of age—shall we plant it with thorns, my Edward?”

“ I com-

“ I comprehend all you would suggest, dearest Philippa — the character of Earl Belmont is, I know, detested by our noble uncle; and an alliance with that family would be to him a source of grief. All this, my sister, too clearly I discern, and hence arises the uneasiness of mind, which of late my countenance has betrayed; yet in spite of reason—of the dictates of every sacred principle—I love.”

“ Then farewell honour, fortitude and virtue, (cried Philippa, with emotion) farewell our fondest expectations from the opening
E 4 buds

buds of virtue—De Courcy can be ungrateful.”

“ No, (exclaimed he, after a pause) he will force the warm blood from his heart, rather than indulge a passion which militates against his filial obligations; amiable Philippa I thank you—you have restored me to myself—miserery may be my lot, but my heart shall boldly say it deserves it not.”

In saying this he quitted the room, and retired to a solitary part of the castle, where he sustained a conflict of a most severe and tender kind. His love for Ethelinde
was

was rooted deeply in his soul. Affection for the Duke was a principle which had ripened, together with the gradual expansion of reason—the latter he was forbidden to violate—the former refused to be extirpated; but after a bitter struggle of some hours, virtue prevailed—he determined to subdue his passion, rather than be the cause of disquiet to a friend, to whom his existence, and all the comforts of it were unquestionably owing.

With this resolution he wandered from the castle towards the decline of day; his feet inclined towards

towards the wood—he entered it, intending to devote a last sigh to the name of Ethelinde, in the spot where he had first beheld her—his lips involuntarily pronounced that sound, and at the same instant she, with her former attendant, glided across the path in which he was. His firmness of mind receded—his whole frame trembled, and he stood some moments irresolute if to follow her. “No, (cried he) if De Courcy, or his beneficent patron, must be unhappy—be it the former.”

He had no sooner pronounced these words, than he seemed to
feel

feel himself re-animated with the enthusiasm of virtuous resolution, and trusting no longer to a parley with his treacherous heart, he immediately returned with precipitation to the Castle.

Ethelinde, from whose breast the figure of the gallant warrior had not for a moment been obliterated, was become fond of the wood in which she had first seen him; it had ever since been her frequent walk; and perhaps the probability of seeing him a second time, had more weight in that choice, than her virgin modesty dared to avow. She had heard
him

him pronounce her name with an emotion, which left her no room to doubt of the state of his mind respecting herself, though she could not but be at some loss to account for his shunning the opportunity of farther disclosing his passion; however, affecting indifference, she asked her attendant, whether he whom they had just past, was not the same cavalier they had met there some evenings before.

“ It is, Madam, (answered Bertha) and the handsomest, bravest knight in our Sovereign’s dominions—

nions—he is Nephew and heir of the Duke of Norfolk.”

Ethelinde wished to be informed of his family, but had never ventured to make the inquiry—the intelligence she now received, was far from affording pleasure—

“ Didst thou not say (she resumed) that he is nephew of the Duke of Norfolk.”

“ I did, Madam.”

“ And I (with a deep sigh) am daughter of the Earl of Belmont.”

Here

Here her countenance fell—
 she grew pale—and remaining
 exceeding thoughtful, retired from
 the wood, in which she after-
 wards appeared no more.

C H A P. IV.

THE remainder of the summer had nearly passed, when the Duke, who had been a silent observer of the various changes in De Courcy's deportment, as animated by the vigour of resolution, or depressed by the alternate workings of fond despondence, began at length to suspect the real cause to be a secret tender passion, the object of which, he feared to be unworthy, by

by reason of those innate struggles which he had discerned by the countenance of the lover. Ready to indulge the propensities of an amiable heart, as far as it could with propriety be effected, he had recourse to Philippa, between whom, and her brother, he knew no reserve subsisted. It was not without much address, that he wrested from her the secret, and indeed, would finally have failed of doing so, had she not believed the heroic self-denial of Edward would endear him still more with his illustrious patron.

The

The Duke having thus acquired the information he sought, left her without making any reply, and she began to fear having drawn his displeasure on her brother, by a disclosure which she had hoped would reflect on him a high degree of lustre. But her apprehensions were seasonably removed, when on the following day the Duke sent for De Courcy to his closet, and thus addressed him.

“ I have not yet forgotten, my brave Edward, that I myself was once young, and therefore am not incapable of sympathizing with

the honest lover in all the painful variations of a sincere passion."

De Courcy perceiving, both with surprise and concern, that this discourse intimated too exact a knowledge of his feelings, answered, with a modest, yet respectful freedom,

"I know not by what means your Grace hath obtained an acquaintance with a weakness, which I am ready both to condemn and abjure—self-condemned, I do not so much crave pardon as pity, since the first emotions of the heart

heart too often effect, what our better reason disapproves."

"You love then the daughter of Lord Belmont?"

"Ah, my more than father, you have taught me to be sincere, and therefore I must confess that error of the affections which my will severely contradicts, and would reform."

"Ingenuous youth—but say, my dear son (for so I affect you) is the daughter of that unworthy man really essential to your happiness."

“ Nothing, my Lord, can be essential to the happiness of a virtuous mind, but a consciousness of its integrity. True, I did love the lady Ethelinde—nay, I fear the fond weakness still too closely adheres to my heart—but it has long been the mark against which I have set my firm resolves, and therefore, my Lord, behold me not wholly unworthy your paternal endurance, for here I swear never to ——.”

“ Stop, (interrupted the Duke) and before you make that solemn asseveration, hear me disclose my thoughts. Earl Belmont is indeed

deed unworthy to match with our house, still less by want of birth, than virtue. He is one of those with whom my soul shall never form alliance. The want of ancestry, my son, is an adventitious circumstance, which none but fools advert to; but a depravity of mind blots out even our claim to humanity—yet in our abhorrence of vice, or meanness, we must be careful not to admit of prejudice, and therefore, although I detest the father's principles, the daughter may have merit to deserve another sentiment."

The eyes both of Edward and Philippa, were here fixed on the Duke, in a pleasing expectation of what he was about to add. He observed their emotion with an indulgent smile, and pressing a hand of either in his own, thus resumed,

“ On your account alone, my beloved children, I feel the burden of life endurable—in your felicity I have long found my own—behold me therefore, Edward, ready to part with my own prejudices, in order to establish your happiness. Ethelinde shall be your’s—pride and avarice are the ruling

ruling passions of the Earl, who for that reason will be glad to match his daughter with the heir of the house of Norfolk. We will take that fair shoot from the vile stock from which she is unfortunately sprung, and plant her in a liberal soil—our tactes, our principles shall become her's—love is an efficient tutor, she will insensibly catch lessons of virtue from your lips, and I will still be blest in my beloved Edward.”

Overcome by such paternal tenderness, De Courcy threw himself at the Duke's feet—gratitude and joy for some time kept him

silent, but at length he spoke the feelings of his honest soul—'twas the moment of rapture to all three—not an eye was dry—their very souls united, and the incense of the social affections flew well pleasing up to heaven.

On the next day, the Duke having demanded an audience of Earl Belmont, set out for his house with a magnificence calculated to give dignity to the occasion. A numerous band of vassals, richly livered, preceded by an herald, supporting the armorial bearings, led the van. Next followed a band of musicians, and then the Duke.

Duke himself, dressed superbly, on a horse gaily caparison'd — on either side six knights banneret attended, and lastly a second company of vassals, magnificently habited as before, closed the rear. The Earl had also called forth his vassals, to do honour to the occasion: for nearly half a mile leading to the house, they were arranged on either side.

When the Duke arrived at the gate, the Earl advanced, and saluted him—the music then began to play, while the two noblemen entered the house. A capacious hall, floored with black and white marble,

marble, was prepared for the conference, where all that was superb and splendid appeared, and a rich repast spread on the spacious table.

Ethelinde, at the command of her father, appeared—the Duke was astonished at her beauty—all his faculties were suspended in admiration—at length he said,

“In good truth, my Lord Belmont, there is little occasion for a formal annunciation of my errand, if you are but informed, that my nephew has beheld your incomparable daughter.”

The

The fair Ethelinde was in an instant covered with blushes, but her expressive eyes declared, that the person of whom he spake, was not unknown to her. The modesty of her deportment, and delicacy of her air, interested the affections of the Duke, who as soon as he was alone with the Earl, made such liberal proposals in behalf of his nephew, as effectually settled the business on which he had come, and gave him the heart-felt satisfaction of reflecting, that he had in all probability established the felicity of his beloved De Courcy, who from that time was a frequent and welcome visitant in the Belmont family.

C H A P. V.

I N this fair dawn, which promised the bright display of truth, honour, and mutual love, in the connubial union, a dark and unexpected cloud intervened, which darkened the blissful prospect of the lovers, and spread grief and dismay through the whole house of Norfolk.

The Duke possessed too much integrity to witness unlawful stretches of royal prerogative with indifference, or conceal his sentiments beneath the mask of time-serving adulation—still was he zealously attached to his sovereign, whose true glory he would have secured, by advising him to establish an interest in the hearts of his people, as the only aim of a wise king, and the solid basis of lasting dominion.

He was however accused of treason by the Duke of Hereford. Conscious of innocence, he met the charge without unmanly terror,

ror, and calmly waited for the award of justice in the Supreme Council of the nation, before which the important cause was to be decided. But here there was found no legal proof of the validity of the accusation—the Lords therefore decreed, that the point should be decided by single combat, according to the laws of chivalry.

This incident engaged the attention of all ranks of people, and never was the public curiosity raised to so high a pitch. The King himself, attended by all the nobility of his kingdom, and several

ral foreigners of high rank, came to Coventry, in order to be present at the combat.

The Duke of Hereford first entered the field on a milk white courser, armed at all points, and his sword drawn in his hand. As soon as he approached the lists, the Mareschale, according to the customary rules, demanded who he was, to which he made answer, "I am Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, come hither according to my duty, against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, a false traitor to God and the King." He then took an oath that his quarrel

quarrel was just and true, and demanded permission to enter the lists, which being granted, he instantly lowered his beaver, and crossed himself on the forehead; at the same time he sheathed his sword, and seizing his lance, passed the barrier, within which he alighted, and sat down in a chair covered with green velvet.

Scarcely was he seated, when the King, escorted by ten thousand men in arms, entered the field, and with great pomp seated himself in a chair of state. Then an herald proclaimed aloud, "Behold here Henry of Lancaster,
Duke

Duke of Hereford, who has entered the lists against Thomas Mombay, Duke of Norfolk, on pain of being counted false and recreant."

Immediately the Duke of Norfolk appeared in arms, mounted on a barbed horse, with a coat of arms embroidered with a lion of silver, and mulberry trees, on crimson velvet; and having also taken the proper oath, exclaimed aloud, "God defend the right."

He then alighted, and sat down on a chair of crimson velvet, opposite his antagonist. The Ma-

reschal proceeded to measure their lances, and delivered one to the challenger, and the other to the Duke of Norfolk. Proclamation was then made for the combat to begin, on which they both mounted their horses, closed their beavers, fixed their lances on the rests, and the trumpets sounded a charge.

At that moment, when the eyes of thousands were fixed on the object, and every heart heaved with anxious expectation, the King, to the astonishment of all, threw down his warder, and commanded the procedure to stop.
He

He then, contrary to every idea of honour and justice, proceeded to pass a sentence on the combatants, which was doubtless as absurd as it was arbitrary.

The Duke of Hereford, who was not even charged with an offence, he ordered to be banished for ten years, and the Duke of Norfolk, against whom no crime had been proved, was condemned to perpetual exile.

The people murmured at so glaring an instance of despotic cruelty, but none durst complain.

Richard had long since determined on ruling despotically, and having found a Parliament servile enough to confirm his pretensions, he imagined there was nothing left to oppose his will. The Duke of Norfolk was obnoxious on two accounts—his patriotism and honest plainness rendered his removal extremely desirable to a prince, who had determined to shut his ears to the voice of reason and truth—and his patrimonial inheritance, which by this unjust sentence, became confiscated to the crown, was too alluring a bait not to catch the greedy eye of rapacious profligacy.

Hereford

Hereford had the address to soften the King by submissions suited to the purpose, who in consequence was prevailed on to remit four years of the sentence of exile, and also granted him letters patent, by which he might succeed to any honours or estates, which should devolve to him in the meanwhile.

The friends of Norfolk would have prevailed on him to have recourse to the same measures; but he firmly replied,

“ No, my friends, let those sue for pardons, who are conscious of
 6 3. designs

designs which shun the light—fer-
 vility was never my characteristic,
 nor shall be now, when I see my-
 self the victim of despotism and in-
 justice—my conscience accuses me
 of no crime—to my country I was
 ever a steady friend—to my King
 a loyal subject, more anxious for
 his true glory than he himself ap-
 pears. Of whom then should I
 crave forgiveness? or what is the
 offence which I should desire to
 have remitted? To seek a pardon
 were to own myself the traitor I
 am said to be. Norfolk would
 not purchase even a Monarch's
 favour, by means unworthy of him-
 self. My wealth and my posses-
 sions

sions will be the Kings—well, be it so, I would the boon were greater—may his royal mind find true content in the enjoyment of it—but my integrity no man shall take from me, and the testimony of an approving conscience is a treasure, which no power can divest me of. You behold me now a poor exile, and you deem me miserable, but you err my friends in your estimation of things. That which is truly the supreme good of man, a peaceful mind, lies deep and far beyond a Monarch's grasp—should I then crave mercy of him who can do me no harm? or shall I take sorrow, when in reality I have

lost nothing that is worth a wife man's care."

The Duke now, for the last time, returned to the seat of his ancestors, in order to take a final leave of those by whom he was beloved. The heavy tidings of his disgrace had already arrived thither, and now a mournful train of vassals and domestics, proceeded forth to meet him with tears and groans. The sight sensibly affecting him, he exclaimed, "Forbear those expressions of sorrow, my good friends, alas, your grief unmans me—my wrongs have not yet been able to force a sigh from
my

my breast, but your affliction compels me to feel a weakness which I suspected not."

De Courcy was the only one who appeared firm and unmoved among the mournful group. He approached the Duke with a countenance glowing with affection, and a deportment more than usually respectful.

"Edward, (cried the unfortunate nobleman) those duteous regards but ill suit the man who is become a beggar, and no longer retains the means of benefitting any one."

"Your

“ Your personal excellencies, my Lord, (replied he) and not the adornments of rank and fortune, being ever the object of my reverence, pardon me if I say, that these dazzling trappings removed, the bright object on which I had fixed my eye, appears more illustriously conspicuous.”

“ Brave boy, (exclaimed the Duke, folding him in his arms) thy virtues deserve a better fate than that of beggary. Yet hear me De Courcy, and treasure in thy heart the last counsels of a friend who loves thee with more than paternal affection. Let thy
affections

affections fit light to the best gifts which fortune can bestow, too often they prove the bribes of integrity, and at best are vain and transitory—therefore be it thy aim to secure that which alone is valuable and permanent, the applause of thine own heart. Seek not the honour which cometh of men, who seldom value that which heaven approves, nor trust thyself within the pernicious beams of court favour, if thou wouldst not make shipwreck of thy honesty—rather, at an humble distance from the great, may thy life glide an even unruffled course—happy in the consciousness of virtue, thou shalt

shalt see, without envying, the
 tumultuous and fleeting joys of
 grandeur, and at the last serenely
 yield thy soul, without one innate
 pang, to flourish in a better world.
 When I am gone from hence,
 think on me sometimes as of a
 man who held thee next his heart,
 but beware that thou lament me
 not, for know, he is not the most
 unhappy, who, with respect to
 this world's goods, is most desti-
 tute; and above all, take heed
 that thy resentment betrays thee
 not into invective against the au-
 thor of my disgrace, whom from
 my soul I forgive, and for whose
 prosperity

prosperity will never cease to pray."

"Ah, my Lord, (replied Edward) suppose you then that I mean to remain in the ungrateful country which continually ejects her best friends from her bosom, or that I will not follow your Grace through all the vicissitudes of life."

No, (resumed he) that must not be, De Courcy, what have I now to reward my followers with, but pain, disgrace and wretchedness. Philippa, like a fair budding flower, torn from its parent
 2 stock,

stock, will need the kind supporting hand of fraternal love."

Here Philippa, who this while had stood bitterly weeping behind the Duke's chair, rushed forward, and casting herself on her knees, earnestly entreated him not to leave her in England. "When separated from you, my Lord, (said she) where shall I look for joy—but in your presence, what are the external circumstances which can chase it from my breast."

Edward throwing himself into the same attitude, pathetically joined his sister's entreaty—he did

did more—he vowed that no power whatever should separate him from his honoured benefactor.

The Duke too much affected to be able to speak, could only press them both to his bosom, while tears of love and admiration of their filial attachment flowed copiously down his venerable cheeks.

De Courcy had now only one more painful task to accomplish, that of bidding a long adieu to his beloved Ethelinde. For this purpose he pensively walked to the seat of Lord Belmont, whom he found

found alone, but with an aspect very different from that which heretofore marked his reception. The countenance of the Earl was an index, which exactly marked the rank and affluence of his guests. He received the lover of his daughter with a cold and chilling distance, and sternly demanded what his business was in that place.

“Do you come (he pursued) with the base design of seducing my child from the comforts of a father's house, to the cold arms of penury and exile—or do you presumptuously imagine her preference

rence of you so great, as to induce her to forget the dignity of her character, by following an indigent wanderer into foreign realms, a wretched sharer in the miseries and disgrace of banishment."

"Far be such a thought from me my Lord, (answered Edward, with a modest firmness) I came not with such a base intent—my love for the divine Ethelinde is too pure, too ardent, to prompt me to seek her undoing—well I know, that the misfortunes of our house forbids me to aspire to the supreme felicity of calling that model of perfection mine, and

therefore I came prepared to speak a last adieu to her, in whom all my hopes of earthly happiness will ever centre. I ask but for a few short minutes to be granted me in her presence, that I may give vent to my full soul, and receive the only consolation which my sad case will now admit—that of a last farewell from her lips.”

Lord Belmont, equally a stranger to the feelings of a tender heart, and incapable of sympathizing with the wretched, answered him only by a smile of ineffable disdain, and then sternly waved his

his hand towards the door, as a signal for him to be gone.

Edward, whose countenance at this ungenerous treatment, glowed with pity and contempt, prepared in silence to obey, when the Earl suddenly recollecting himself, called to him to stop—rising from his chair, he caught him by the hand with an air of cordial esteem, and said,

“ Pardon me, my amiable De Courcy, I have been too hasty, and ought to have made candid allowance for the inexperience of youth, which stands in need of

the salutary advice of mature age, rather than unkind reproof. The heart of my child lies buried in your misfortunes, and therefore attend to what I here propose, as the means of securing your mutual happiness."

"Ah, my Lord, with what delusive dreams of bliss would you fascinate my soul."

"The good I have devised, (resumed Lord Belmont) may be realized, if the fault be not on your side. You know the King is clement to those who submissively seek his royal favour. Sub-
mit

mit yourself to my direction, and I will pledge my honour, that within a few days you shall be invested with the honours and estates of the house of Norfolk."

"What! (interrupted De Courcy, warmly) would you that I should abandon the Duke?"

"And who but an idiot (returned the other, with a smile) would have devised the preposterous scheme of following the fortunes of a banished man, when wealth and honours may become his own for asking—depend on my interest with our royal master,

he is liberal to those who humour his princely inclinations—trust the issue of my mediation in your behalf.”

“ Ah then, my Lord, I entreat you, let that benevolent mediation be employed to secure the riches and honours of the house of Norfolk to its present amiable possessor; for surely never did one better adorn an elevated station, or reflect so bright a lustre on nobility, as my noble, my injured uncle.”

Here the Earl surveyed him with unutterable contempt, and
for

for some moments his bosom heaved with surprise and indignation. At length he said,

“Dost thou then suppose, audacious youth, that my interest should ever be exerted to favour a base traitor to the best of princes?”

Roused by so opprobrious an epithet bestowed on his benefactor, De Courcy at that instant was insensible to any considerations but those which gratitude and honest resentment dictated. He had drawn his sword half way out of its scabbard, when the Earl seizing his hand, mildly resumed,

H 4

“My

“ My tender regard for you, dearest Edward, urges my tongue to move unadvisedly ; I have said nothing but what my affection for yourself dictated, therefore hear me with coolness, while I further urge you to do that, which alone will secure you the possession of Ethelinde, and ——”

“ No more my Lord Belmont, (returned he in a resolute tone) I know the value of the treasure you last named, yet were I capable of purchasing happiness thus, the virtuous Ethelinde herself would hold me in abhorrence. Be assured, finally, my Lord, that
 sooner

fooner than be the villain who should revel in the spoils of so kind a benefactor, I would chuse to be the houseless child of want—the grafs of the field my daily sustenance, and the canopy of heaven my only covering.”

“ ’Tis well, sir, (cried the Earl indignantly) Ethelinde, when she hears this mighty proof of love, will thank you.”

Without waiting to hear more, De Courcy left the house. As he slowly walked along the garden wall, he heard the whisper of a female voice—it was the faithful Bertha,

Bertha, "In the wood at the hour of midnight." She said no more, and immediately disappeared. Encouraged by the hint, the lover felt a ray of joy pervade his heavy breast, but it was suddenly checked by a reflection, whether in his circumstances it became him to hazard an interview with the woman he so tenderly loved. He had lately encountered a temptation from the Earl, of the most powerful kind—should it be seconded by Ethelinde herself—should she to soft persuasion add the magic of tears, the energy of tender reproach, he could not entirely rely on his own fortitude.

Yet

Yet to avoid the opportunity of seeing her for the last time—of pouring his heart into her bosom, and obtaining in return the consolation of knowing that she shared his feelings, was a bliss which he felt himself unable to refuse. Full of these thoughts, he retired to a private apartment in the castle, in order to fortify his mind with a resolution, derived from the dictates of religion and virtue.

At length the day shut in, and darkness veiled the face of nature; as the hour of meeting drew on, he felt himself agitated by conflicting emotions of love, duty, despair,

despair, 'till at length his whole frame trembled, from the conflict which tore his soul.

“ Oh thou sacred energy of virtue, (he exclaimed) irradiation of that divine principle which lifts the human soul above the mortal tie, to the nature of angelic beings, be not absent at this trying hour—shade of my brave father, frown on your distressed son, and intimidate him from yielding to measures which would disgrace your sacred memory, and stain your unspotted fame.”

’Twas

'Twas now the deep and solemn hour of midnight—no moon illumined the horizon, and scarce a star shot its lambent ray; but the path way to the wood was well known to him and he hastened thither, fearing nothing but the weakness of love. At a small distance he beheld a light feebly gleaming through the trees—he approached and beheld Bertha alone. Disappointed, he looked earnestly around, as if to discover another object, which she perceiving, said,

“ Something more congenial to your wish, my Lord, than you
now

now find, was primarily designed; the Lady Ethelinde did purpose in person here to meet you, but for reasons, which her modesty conceals, has deputed me to present you with this token of her constant love."

She then drew from her bosom a small casket, which contained a ring set with jewels, of inestimable value, and the following billet, written by her mistress.

"I know the terms, oh noblest of thy sex, which my father this day stipulated, as the price of his daughter's hand. Thy generous
refusal

EDWARD DE COURCY. III

refusal is more grateful to the soul of Ethelinde, than even the supreme felicity of calling thee her own. Go, tread the path which sacred obligations have marked out to thee—the whom thou lovest, will cherish thy memory close within her heart, and here calls heaven to witness, that her plighted faith shall be thine alone, of which this ring is given as the solemn token.”

The contents of this little billet, were as precious balm to the distracted bosom of De Courcy; he pressed the ring to his lips, then with a filken cord, fastened it

it around his neck, vowing, while life remained, never to part with the inestimable pledge—presenting Bertha with a small jewel, as the reward of her fidelity. He charged her to be the faithful herald of his love, and to assure her lady, that no change of time or place could be able to erase her lovely image from his soul. He then returned to the castle, prepared to encounter the worst which ill-fortune could inflict, since, by the precious testimony he had received, he perceived himself blest with the affection and approbation of his charming mistress.

CHAP. VI.

THE Duke, calm and collected, proceeded to settle his affairs as advantageously as he could, for the benefit of all his dependants, previous to taking a final leave of them. He then withdrew to France, accompanied by Edward and Philippa, and three faithful domestics. Having crossed the channel, he went on shore with alacrity, and sitting down on a

VOL. I. I rock,

rock, turned his eyes for the last time, on the white cliffs of his native country, and having sat some minutes in a profound reverie, he arose, and with a cheerful air said,

“ ’Tis past—the storms of life are over—envy can do no more, and malice shall be at rest—vice and folly will no longer fear my rebukes, nor ambition dread an obstacle in the way—my enemies will pursue me no farther, nor grudge an exile the poor accommodations of indigence. Well then, my friends, it seems we shall eat our scant morsel in tranquillity,
and

and fear no snares in our path, which is more, I think, than courtiers can boast, in the zenith of royal sunshine. We are citizens of the world, and shall find brethren and kinsfolks enough—the family to which we belong is large, inhabiting the whole peopled earth—what then have we to do with local prejudices—let us go on, we shall feel ourselves at home, as long as we are within the limits of the habitable globe.”

They then proceeded to a house of mean appearance, where one of the attendants had provided the best refreshment which could be

procured, and the Duke sat down to a table meanly spread with plain, yet wholesome food, of which he eat with more than usual appetite.

“ I prithee, de Courcy, (cried he, facetiously) tell me which is the richest man, he who possesses most wealth, or he that has the fewest wants ?”

“ I suppose the latter, my Lord.”

“ Even so—then my boy shall we be still rich, by studying an art more valuable than the Rosicrucian secret—the art of being satisfied

fied with a little. Nature's wants are with ease supplied, but those of luxury are insatiable."

The companions of the Duke rejoiced to behold him supporting his misfortunes with such equanimity of soul, and Edward was abundantly convinced, that no advantages of fortune could have imparted to him the benefit he was likely to receive, by daily contemplating the fair example of suffering virtue, as eminently displayed in the character of his uncle. After allowing a short time to necessary repose, they proceeded on their way to Italy, whi-

ther the Duke had determined to retire, as a country where civil society was most liberal and refined.

In passing through France, he received an invitation from the French Monarch, to visit his court, assuring him of a friendly reception, and all requisite provision, in case he chose to make that his residence, which generous overture the Duke handsomely declined, and observed to his companions, that the mariner who had escaped shipwreck, would be unwise if he put to sea in his broken vessel again; adding, "let me no more trust the treachery of courts,
but

but rather seek the humble virtues of honesty and truth, in the lowly paths of obscurity. I shall there meet with some, in whose hearts the fair impresson of nature is not erased by intercourse with a deceitful world, whose plain simplicity will prove more grateful to my taste than courtly elegance, alloyed with hypocrisy. Security and peace rarely dwell with grandeur, but the rough gale which breaks the aspiring cedar, sweeps inoffensively over the lowly shrub."

In a small house in the suburbs of Padua, the Duke and his humble retinue fixed their abode, dis-

carding every appearance of pomp and magnificence. Here religion, as it had been the support of his soul, became the solace of his retired hours—cheerfulness and content presided in the little mansion—no parade of ostentation disturbed the true enjoyment of domestic life—no envy of glittering ambition destroyed their mental peace. “It is now (cried the Duke) I truly live—this is the life of reason, and such as man would ever chuse, were he not fascinated by false apprehensions of happiness. Unincumbered with a heavy load of fastidious grandeur, methinks I breathe the air of heaven

ven more freely. Ah, my children, how do fond doating mortals dream their fleeting hours away in airy visions of unreal bliss—what pangs of heart do they endure, in search of a mistaken good, which, as an unsubstantial phantom, still eludes their grasp, while they overlook the true joys of life, which cost nothing but the pleasing labours of virtue to secure.”

In this retreat, void of every thing which giddy multitudes admire, the Duke was visited by those who had wisdom enough to discern true merit, when strip'd of the blandishments of outward worth;
the

the number of such was not large, but their attachment was founded in sincerity, and their society was therefore inestimable. While under the roof of the illustrious exile, they discovered those dispositions which, independent of external circumstances, constitute the true nobility. Among the number of such visitants, was the Count Bologna, a nobleman, whom exalted rank and vast possessions could not corrupt—he was a singular example of refined morality, in an age when licentiousness scarcely bore the stigma of reproach among the great.

The

The beauty of Philippa had, at the first sight, attracted his admiration, and that sensation gradually expanded into a tender and honourable passion, as he became a frequent witness of the excellence of her character. Her gratitude and filial affection to the Duke—her sweetness of temper and constancy of mind, in the absence of many enjoyments which are often thought essential to happiness—and above all, her unaffected modesty, entirely secured her the heart of that amiable nobleman, which the Duke perceived with ineffable satisfaction. But although she was far from insensible of his merit, or indifferent

different to his person, she rejected his suit, resolving that no inducements should draw her from her personal attention to her benefactor, at least, 'till more honourable circumstances should be presented to his enjoyment.

C H A P. VII.

TOTALLY opposite to this life of humble tranquillity, was that of the Duke of Hereford. Soon after he had received the sentence of exile, he retired to the French court, where, agreeable to the policy of the gallic monarch, he was well received, and treated with a respect which obliterated the consideration of disgrace.

The French King was no stranger to the political state of England, and ready, on all occasions, to foster the dissatisfactions of the nobles; foreseeing, by such disunion of prince and people, the favourable moment of humbling a rival nation.

In his court therefore, the Duke of Hereford found the asylum he desired. At balls and tournaments he shone with peculiar brilliancy, and surrounded with splendour and delights, seemed to have forgotten his native country, while the gaiety of his air, the sprightliness of his discourse, and that accommodating

modating humour, which could readily be adapted to all circumstances, attracted the favourable notice of the ladies of the French court, who emulously strove which should appear most engaging in his eye.

But like the gaudy and inconstant butterfly, he roamed from beauty to beauty, without settling his regards on either, 'till at a public entertainment in the royal palace, he beheld the lovely daughter of the Duke of Berry, who then, for the first time, made her appearance at court, and outshone the whole circle of the fair,
by

by the charms of her person, and the dignity of her manner. Hereford was captivated by her figure, as well as by the lustre of her high rank, and immediately became solicitous to engage her favour; nor were his cares unsuccessful—the fame of the graceful Englishman had reached her in retirement; she was therefore pre-disposed to admire, yet ingenuously confessed, that his person even surpassed the picture which her imagination had drawn.

Thus favoured to the utmost extent of vanity and ambition, it was not long before a mutual tenderness

derness took place between him and the beauteous dame.

The Duke of Berry acceded to the wishes of an only and beloved daughter, by consenting to the union. The King also gave his royal assent, and the marriage was soon to be solemnized, with a splendour becoming the occasion.

A transaction at once so honourable and satisfactory to the noble exile, reached at length the ears of his royal master, King Richard, who, from motives drawn from his own breast, contrived to frustrate the good fortune of the Duke, by

causing him to be represented at the French court,* as one, who from the malignant nature of his offences, would never be permitted to return to his native country.

Hitherto the circumstance of his banishment had been considered as one of those political expedients, which the nature of the times rendered necessary ; but no sooner was the injurious information received, than the Duke of Berry, with all the rage of affronted dignity, precipitately broke off the intended alliance, and withdrew the young lady from court, diligently

diligently secluding her from all farther opportunity of seeing or conversing with her lover.

Irritated by this ungenerous measure, the Duke of Hereford burned with resentment to the author of this tender disappointment and new disgrace, and from that moment meditated deep revenge. For this purpose he had his eye steadily fixed on the conduct of the English King, who daily became more hateful to his subjects, whose dearest privileges were annihilated to gratify his caprice and tyranny, and it was his misfortune to find ministers ready, for

the sake of private views, to second those misguided measures, which were pregnant with the most fatal consequences. The people secretly murmured, but none dared openly to avow their resentments.

At length Hereford was informed of the death of the Duke of Lancaster, his father, to whose estates he had a double right, that of heirship, and the King's letters patent, granted him to that purpose, even after his banishment. But as though resolved openly to defy every obligation of justice and honour, the impolitic prince immediately seized on the estates and effects

effects of the deceased Duke, and decreed that the banishment of the son should be perpetual.

At this period, the infatuated Monarch found himself in the full zenith of despotic power. He saw nothing to apprehend from the resentments of an insulted people, for he had already triumphed over all opposition, by banishing or putting to death, all who had attempted to repress his unlawful power; and the important offices of the state were filled by such as were devoted to his will—yet amidst this imaginary security, the crown tottered on his head.

The Duke of Hereford, who had vigilantly watched the progress of the public sentiment, now perceived the crisis was arrived, for accomplishing his premeditated revenge.

The King was gone to Ireland, in order to chastise an affront which had been offered there to a favourite and relation of the Earl of Marche. In the mean time the Duke of Hereford landed at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, where he was immediately joined by the Duke of Northumberland, and Percy his son, with some few troops, but it was not long before
the

the people flocked in such crowds to his standard, that he saw himself at the head of an army, consisting of sixty thousand men.

The unfortunate King, on receiving news of this rebellion, immediately lost all courage, and betrayed the utmost irresolution and timidity. At length he set sail for England, but it was only to learn more sensibly the fatal consequences of his former misconduct and folly.

His friends had collected a few troops in his behalf, but intimidated by the increasing force of

the invader, and perhaps disgusted with the pusillanimity of Richard, they shortly dispersed themselves, and the unhappy Monarch saw himself in the midst of an enraged people, without friends, or means of succour; forsaken by those, who in the sunshine of power, had contributed to fan his follies; and not knowing on whom to trust, or where to turn, he saw no hopes of safety, but in throwing himself on the generosity of his enemy—he therefore sent him word, that he was ready to submit to whatever terms he thought proper to prescribe, and that he earnestly desired a conference.

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On this the Duke of Lancaster appointed a certain castle, within about ten miles of Chester, whither, on the next day he arrived, with his whole army.

The King had been brought thither alone on the day before, and descrying his rival's approach from the walls, went down to receive him—while the Duke, after some trifling ceremonies, entered in complete armour; only his head was bare, in compliment to fallen majesty.

Richard approaching, greeted him with the salutation of " Cousin
of

of Lancaster, you are welcome."

At which the Duke, bowing three times to the ground, replied in these terms; "My Lord the king, I am come sooner than you appointed, because your people say, that you have for one and twenty years governed with rigour and indiscretion, so that they are very ill satisfied with your conduct, but if it please God, I will help you to govern them better for the time to come."

To this declaration the King made no other answer, but, "Fair cousin, since it pleases you, it pleases us likewise."

The

The degraded Monarch, as abject in adversity, as he had been haughty in prosperity, was soon made to feel the wretchedness of his situation; in every town through which he was led triumphantly, he was loaded with curses by the multitude, whose resentments he had lately despised. A vast concourse of people extolled the Duke, and shouted, "Long live the good Duke of Lancaster, our deliverer." After repeated indignities, he was confined a close prisoner in the tower, there to undergo a greater variety of insolence and contempt.

Thus

Thus humbled, and retaining no part of his former spirit, the unfortunate Richard was easily prevailed with to resign the crown in favour of the Duke of Lancaster, who willing to fortify his pretensions with every appearance of justice, summoned a Parliament, who soon confirmed his claim. King Richard was solemnly deposed, and the Duke of Lancaster elected in his stead, by the title of Henry the Fourth.

C H A P. VIII.

WHEN the news of this revolution arrived in Italy, the intelligence was eagerly reported to the Duke of Norfolk, by those who expected him to have been gratified by the fall of a prince, who had used him with cruelty and injustice. But contrary to their apprehensions, he wept when told of the misfortunes of Richard, and replied to his friends in these terms,
“ I hope

“ I hope I am not so mean a proficient in the knowledge of our holy religion, as to be capable of feeling the workings of revenge—no, my good and worthy friends, far be this thought from my bosom—I ever ascribed the errors of my royal master, far more to the suggestions of evil counsellors and corrupt ministers, than to the dictates of his own breast. Therefore my resentments were never directed against himself—my heart, ’tis true, has often bled at the injuries of my country’s freedom, still I revered the person of my King, and my whole soul was full of affection and loyalty; I therefore

fore mourn over his misfortune, with a sincerity that becomes a faithful subject and a Christian—but with anguish of mind I look at a picture more dreadful even than this—princes as men, are in their turns exposed to the vicissitudes of fortune—but what are the misfortunes of an individual, however elevated his condition, compared to the miseries which such events draw down on thousands of the human species. The shaking of a throne denotes horrible convulsions of the state, and public miseries arise from the fatal concussion. I see my country wasted by the sword of civil war—brother against brother

brother lifts the bloody steel : I hear the cries of helpless widows, of orphans, so made by those who own the same parental roof—fields left fallow, or manured with blood—towns levelled with the dust, and ruin stalking wide over the land. Oh, my friends, what scenes are these for the patriot's soul to brood on !”

From this time the Duke permitted his thoughts to settle so intensely on the unfortunate circumstances of his native country, as entirely to subvert the usual composure of his mind. He became indifferent to the delights of society—

society — his days were spent in painful speculation on the miseries of civil war, and the mad ambition of those rulers, whose folly or vice disturbed the peace of mankind — his nights were irksome, and his sleep broken by terrific visions, 'till at length the animal vigour was sensibly abated, and his health gradually declined. But before this last effect was become obvious to those about him, he one day sent for De Courcy to his closet, and thus addressed him.

“ My son, I perceive the sad news from England excites in you that dejection, which though the

cause be just, yet must not be indulged to the utter exclusion of hope. The patriot breast, my Edward, will feel its country's sorrows, however remote from local pressure—yet you, I trust, shall not wind up the cord of life, before happier prospects gild the now horrific scene.”

“ Alas, my Lord, (he replied) the miseries which threaten our unhappy island, strike on my soul with aggravated poignancy, by the addition of a lover's feelings to the patriot's concern—the Earl of Belmont.”

“ The

“The reflection, Edward, is not new to me, and it was from thence I required this private converse. That nobleman, ever unpopular and odious to the people, has, I fear, but little mercy to expect from the strong current of the public resentment, it may therefore be expedient (as doubtless it is consonant to your desires) to hasten back to England. Your presence, though of no avail to save the devoted fortunes of his house, may yet be precious to the lady Ethelinde. Go then, my boy, with a lover’s haste, and in your absence, the kind attentions of your gentle sister, and the al-

most filial attachment of the Count, shall console me. Hasten to save that devoted family from the popular resentment—tell them, that if content and safety be worth their choice, my humble asylum offers both—aye, and my hearty kindness also—not that spurious sort of friendship which grows in the rank soil of courts, but the genuine affection of an honest soul.”

So generous a concern for what was dearest to his heart, drew from De Courcy those warm acknowledgments which the paternal goodness of the Duke peculiarly

liarly demanded, and he prepared to return privately to England, to search out the fortunes of his mistress, who there was reason to fear, would be involved in the ruin which threatened the demerits of her father. Not willing to hazard a discovery of the perilous adventure, he sat out on the expedition wholly unattended, and with all the alacrity which love and anxiety could prompt.

On arriving in England, he every where traced the vestiges of confusion and popular tumult; the people, who had long been held in sullen subjection, no sooner perceived

ceived the opportunity of obtaining redress, than they broke forth into all that excess of insolent triumph which follows on democratic victory. The human mind, degraded by oppression, distinguishes not between liberty and licentiousness—the irritated multitude, like a ferocious monster, broke loose from his chain, deals havock indiscriminately on all. Whoever was known to have received any marks of the Royal favour, had been marked for destruction; nor in the general prejudice against the late Monarch, was there any distinction of characters; the innocent and guilty often

often fell together, as popular madness or private resentment instigated revenge.

It was in vain that De Courcy looked around for the once magnificent mansion of Earl Belmont—he reached the spot where it had once stood, but found nothing but a heap of ruins. As a creature of the unfortunate and misguided Richard, the Earl was eminently an object of the public indignation—in a few hours the lofty turrets of his superb dwelling were levelled with the dust, and his blood was diligently sought, as a sacrifice to popular rage. Odious

in his private character, his domestics and dependants were the first to point the arm of revenge; nor was there any disposed to favour his escape, or ward from him the dreadful impending blow.

De Courcy, in the disguise of a pilgrim, mournfully surveyed the horrid scene of desolation, then with a heart, foreboding woe, retreated to the adjacent village, where he received a confirmation of every gloomy presage. None lamented the tragic fate of the Earl, but all were tenderly concerned in the sufferings of the lady Ethelinde, whose virtues were
the

the object of general esteem. Respecting her, the taper of hope yet dimly gleamed, as there was at least a probability, that she had escaped the destruction of her family, through the love and attachment of those who attended her.

Somewhat cheered by these suggestions, yet still a prey to anxious suspense, De Courcy determined to go in search of Bertha, formerly the faithful attendant and confidant of her mistress. After much anxiety and toil, he discovered the humble cottage, where she now cherished an aged
and

and widowed mother. But here, at the crisis when hope was most tremblingly alive in his fluttering breast, he received a shock, which confirmed him the most wretched of mankind. The afflicted Bertha could give no tidings of her mistress, save, that on the fatal day, when nothing but anarchy and tumult was apparent, the enraged populace, prepared to avenge their former oppressions on all who had been connected with the court; as the tumultuous multitude advanced towards the seat of the Earl, marking their steps with cruelty and devastation, Bertha, on her knees, entreated her

her beloved lady to preserve herself by flight. "As yet, (said she) madam, the possibility of escape remains—let us this instant fly from the house, which, together with its inhabitants, is devoted to destruction."

To which Ethelinde, with a determined air replied, "Which of my actions, mistaken girl, has led you to suppose, that at this trying instant, thy mistress will act unworthy of herself—thinkest thou that I wish to be the only survivor of our wretched house—no, my good Bertha, a father's fate shall also be mine—I go to seek

seek him, and if it be so decreed, to mingle my flowing blood with his—farewell—hasten to escape, for ruin approaches with rapid steps.”

With these words Ethelinde flew in search of the Earl her father, and from that moment was seen no more. The house was surrounded by an immense crowd of barbarians, who in a few hours levelled its lofty roof with the dust, while they vigilantly guarded every avenue, lest the object of their vengeance should, by any means, escape their rage. “Thus, my Lord, (added Bertha, weeping)
I live

I live to recount at once the virtues and the barbarous sacrifice of her, whose soul comprized the whole of whatever shines as noble or amiable in woman, and who, in the article of death, exhibited the enthusiasm of heroic virtue." She could proceed no farther, for grief suppressed the power of articulation.

De Courcy venting an awful groan, silently waved his hand in token of a last adieu, and then turned from her with a wild and desponding air.

For

For some time he wandered, not heeding whither his listless steps inclined, and at length instinctively returned to the spot where he had been wont in happier days, to hear the music of Ethelinde's voice; instead of which, the screeching owl from the dismantled turrets, now uttered discordant notes, and noxious reptiles croaked in the desolated apartments. The gloomy horrors of the scene were congenial to the feelings of his soul, from which all joy or social cheerfulness was banished for ever, and he flung himself in an agony of grief and despair, on the broken pavement, recalling to his tortured

ed imagination the blissful hours which on that spot he had passed with the lovely Ethelinde, and nourishing all the horrors of dispondency, with a kind of gloomy luxury.

Mean time, the shades of night fell deep around, the unwholesome dews descended on the ruin'd pile. As he thus lay prostrate on the dank ground, a human voice faintly struck his ear—he started—looked eagerly around—but all was again still. He arose with agitation, and traversed the several courts, now covered with long rude grass, but discovered nothing
to

to satisfy his greedy curiosity. Again he reclined on the ruins, prepared to indulge the heart-rending suggestions of grief and despair, and cherish the idea of his murdered love; when suddenly through a small crevice, at a distance, he discovered a faint light, but whilst he arose to pursue the object, it was gone. Wandering for some time to no purpose, he chanced to light on some steps which seemed once to have led to a subterranean apartment. Here a voice again struck his ear, and again was silent—he resolved to advance, and presently felt that he was close by a small door, which

on

on forcing with his foot, gave way, and admitted him into a cell, where alas he heard, or saw nothing; all was dark as the abode of night, and silent as the regions of death.

At length a light, scarcely more considerable than that which is emitted by the glow-worm, glistered at one corner of the gloomy recess—he advanced towards it, and discovered another door, which being but ill secured on the inside, was opened without difficulty; and here, with unutterable astonishment, he saw two human figures, barely visible by the feeble light

of a lamp. But how indescribable were his emotions, when in these he discovered the persons of Earl Belmont, and his beauteous daughter.

An exclamation, expressive of joy and wonder, broke from his lips. Ethelinde recognized the well known voice; rushing like lightning to his arms, her melting soul mingled with his, while tears of transport alone expressed their mutual feelings.

In the mean time, the once haughty and imperious Earl, had prostrated himself abjectly on the ground,

ground, and grasping the knees of De Courcy, pathetically implored his pity; "At least (added he) leave me undiscovered in this miserable abode, and use not the opportunity of avenging my former insolence, by betraying me to those who seek my life."

From this attitude he was respectfully raised by De Courcy, who felt himself shocked at the misery which his appearance and demeanour demonstrated. A tattered blanket, and that of the coarsest kind, half covered an emaciated body, and his wan and sick-

ly countenance evinced the disquiet of his mind.

Such were the humiliating circumstances in which this once proud courtier now appeared, and his mind was as abject as his condition—no voluptuary, basking in the plentitude of sensual enjoyment, ever discovered more reluctance to part with life, than did this unhappy man, to whom nothing appertained that renders existence sweet. He again besought De Courcy to spare his life, and could hardly credit the tender assurances of respect and protection which

which he repeatedly received from his mouth.

“The rage of my enemies (said he) is only abated, because they imagine their vengeance is complete, and that I am mingled with the dead. On the dreadful day, when crowds of enraged barbarians surrounded my dwelling, I fled for refuge to this subterraneous apartment, and soon after heard the plunder, and next the total demolition of my castle—it was believed I lay buried beneath the ruins, and thus satisfying their malice, these audacious slaves at length departed, to prosecute

secute their scheme of devastation
 on some other hapless object of
 their fury. For three days we
 sustained the miseries of hunger,
 as I knew of none on whose fide-
 lity I could rely; but on the
 fourth our horrible retreat was
 discovered by a peasant, who is
 the foster-brother of Ethelinde—
 for her sake, much more than
 mine, he administered to the ne-
 cessity of nature, by procuring a
 supply of humble food, and from
 that time, even at the hazard of
 his own life, has continued to
 sustain our miserable beings. But
 alas, here in this dreadful abode,
 I am condemned to waste the re-
 fidue

fidue of life, unpitied and unknown; for should I venture in the face of day, death would be inevitable. Leave us then, I conjure you, to our destined wretchedness, lest your presence here should prove the means of immediate destruction."

De Courcy, extremely astonished to find such horror of dissolution in a man so eminently wretched, replied, (while his fond arm still clasped his Ethelinde) "Can you for a moment, my Lord, indulge the thought, that I would abandon you to this wretchedness, without devising the means of your emancipation?"

cipation?—this be assured I will effect, or perish with you in this horrid dungeon.”

“ Ah, (cried the Earl) Ethelinde herself can only reward this generosity—but no—she is no longer worthy of your love, she can be no more than heiress to disgrace and ruin.”

“ Give me but my Ethelinde, (replied De Courcy, vexed at the mean insinuation) and I will look with contempt on the affluence and glory of a Monarch.”

Here

Here, inspired with equal emotion, the lovers cast themselves at the feet of the Earl, and entreated him to sanction their mutual vows of living only for each other. He folded them both in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears at the recollection of past power and prosperity, joined their hands with fervency and solemnity.

De Courcy then proposed, that all three should escape with the greatest speed to the continent, a measure which he was persuaded would be found practicable; but the pusillanimity of the Earl for some time, opposed the design;

he declared he had rather bury himself in the dreary cell, than venture on so hazardous an undertaking. At length the force of entreaty and remonstrance overcame his timidity, and he consented to the proposal. Accordingly, De Courcy having procured suitable disguises, on the next night accompanied those miserable sufferers in their flight to the sea coast, and before the morning dawned, they were several miles distant from their late gloomy prison.

At length day broke on those
eye-lids which long had been
4 strangers

strangers to its beams. The courage of the lady Ethelinde surmounted the native delicacy of her frame—animated by love, she appeared insensible of fatigue, during a painful journey on foot, through impassible woods and rugged bye-ways, unworn by the feet of passengers; for to elude the vigilance of malice, it was necessary they should take the most unfrequented roads. At the expiration of many tedious days, and after encountering a thousand difficulties, and incessant fatigue, they reached the coast.

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The Earl finding himself beyond dread of discovery, embraced his deliverer with transports of gratitude—but in the increasing tenderness and undisguised affection of his beloved Ethelinde, De Courcy found that blissful reward which alone could satisfy his impassioned breast.

END OF VOL. I.

